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By *ADAM FITZ-ADAM.*

To be continued every THURSDAY.

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Vicinas urbes alit.——— HOR.

INSTEAD of lamenting that it is my lot to live in an age when virtue, ſenſe, converſation, all private and public affections are totally ſwallowed up by the ſingle predominant paſſion of gaming, I endeavour to divert my concern by turning my attention to the manners of the times, where they happen to be more elegant, more natural, or more generally uſeful than thoſe of preceding ages. I am particularly pleaſed with conſidering the progreſs which a juſt taſte and real good ſenſe have made in the modern mode of gardening. This ſcience is at preſent founded on ſuch noble and liberal principles, that the very traveller now receives

ceives more advantages from the embelliſhments he rides by, than the viſitor did formerly, when art and privacy were the only ideas annexed to a garden.

THE modern art of *laying out ground* (for ſo we muſt call it, till a new name be adopted to expreſs ſo complicated an idea) has ſpread ſo widely, and it's province is become ſo extenſive, as to take in all the advantages of gardening and agriculture. If we look back to antiquity we ſhall find the gardens of Alcinous in Homer, and the paintings of rural ſcenery in Virgil, hardly to correſpond with the genius of the poets, or the beatitude they have placed in them. The villa's of Cicero and Pliny, which they have ſo affectionately deſcribed, do not raiſe our admiration. A favourable aſpect, variety of portico's and ſhades of plane trees, ſeem to be their greateſt merit. Their ſucceſſors in that happy climate have made their gardens repoſitories for ſtatues, bas relieves, urns, and whatever is by them intitled *virtù*; the diſpoſition of which ornaments, together with ſome ſtraight walks of ever-green oaks, and tricks in water, compleat their ſyſtem.

IN France the genius of *Le Nautre* would probably have ſhewn itſelf in more beautiful productions than the Tuilleries and Verſailles, had it not been ſhackled by lines and regularity, and had not elegance and taſte been overlaid by magnificence.

THIS forced taſte, aggravated by ſome Dutch acquiſitions, for more than half a century deformed the face of nature in this country, though ſeveral of our beſt writers had conceived nobler ideas, and prepared the way for thoſe improvements which have ſince followed. Sir William Temple, in his gardens of Epicurus, expatiates with great pleaſure on that at More-Park in Hertfordſhire;

fordſhire; yet after he has extolled it as the pattern of a perfect garden for uſe, beauty and magnificence, he riſes to nobler images, and in a kind of prophetic ſpirit, points out a higher ſtyle, free and unconfined. The prediction is verified upon the ſpot; and it ſeems to have been the peculiar deſtiny of that delightful place, to have paſſed through all the transformations and modes of taſte, having exerciſed the genius of the moſt eminent artiſts ſucceſſively, and ſerving as a model of perfection in each kind. The boundleſs imagination of Milton, in the fourth book of Paradice Loſt, ſtruck out a plan of a garden, which I would propoſe for the entertainment and inſtruction of my readers, as containing all the views, objects and ambition of modern deſigning.

It is the peculiar happineſs of this age to ſee theſe juſt and noble ideas brought into practice, regularity baniſhed, proſpects opened, the country called in, nature reſcued and improved, and art decently concealing herſelf under her own perfections.

I enlarge upon this ſubject, becauſe I would do juſtice to our nobility and men of fortune, who by a ſeaſonable employment of the poor, have made this their private amuſement a national good. It is notorious that in the ſeaſon of the harveſt, the ſcarcity of hands to gather in the fruits of the earth is ſo great, that few of our farmers can find men to do their work for three months, unleſs they can keep them in employment the other nine. Here the new mode of gardening comes in greatly to the aſſiſtance of the labourer; and as it conſiſts cheifly in the removal of earth, the whole coſt goes directly to his ſupport.

It has been the conſtant cry of all politicians and writers on trade, that taxes ſhould be laid on luxury. How

happy

happy is it that luxury ſhould take ſo large a ſhare in the payment of that tax, which lies moſt heavy on the preſent times! I mean the poor's rate. Our manufactures, it muſt be granted, are of the greateſt national benefit; inaſmuch as they maintain multitudes of families, which all the private fortunes in a country would be inſufficient to ſupport. But the fact is, that in the harveſt ſeaſon, there is always the greateſt ſcarcity of huſbandmen in thoſe countries where manufactures are moſt known to flouriſh: and it is alſo a fact, that our manufactures afford no ſupport to the huſbandman in the other ſeaſons: ſo that I know of nothing that can procure to him the neceſſaries of life in the winter, but the judicious allotment of that uncomfortable ſeaſon to the works abovementioned, which are now carrying on with vigour in almoſt every part of England.

I MUST alſo do our men of taſte the juſtice to acknowledge, that they have been the chief promoters even of our manufactures. One of the firſt embelliſhers of the gardens in the preſent mode, was the ſame nobleman who eſtabliſhed the looms for carpets at Wilton. In the north, whole countries have been civilized, induſtry encouraged, and variety of manufactures inſtituted by the magnificent charity of the noble perſon, who among the leaſt of his perfections muſt be allowed to be the beſt planter in Europe. And if ever this country ſhould boaſt the eſtabliſhment of the art of weaving tapeſtry, ſhe will be beholden to the ſame Royal Hand to which ſhe owes (if I may name it after the exalted bleſſings of LIBERTY and PEACE) the adorning Windſor park.

WHATEVER may have been reported, whether truly or falſely, of the Chineſe gardens, it is certain that we are the firſt of the Europeans who have founded this taſte;

taſte: and we have been ſo fortunate in the genius of thoſe who have had the direction of ſome of our fineſt ſpots of ground, that we may now boaſt a ſucceſs equal to that profuſion of expence which has been deſtined to promote the rapid progreſs of this happy enthuſiaſm. Our gardens are already the aſtoniſhment of foreigners, and, in proportion as they accuſtom themſelves to conſider and underſtand them, will become their admiration. And as the good taſte of our writers has lately invited the literati from all parts of Europe to viſit us, this other taſte will greatly contribute to make the growing faſhion of travelling to England more general; and by this means we may hope to ſee part of thoſe ſums brought back again, which this country has been from year to year ſo unprofitably drained of.

But to ſee this ſcience in the ſtrongeſt light of a political benefit, let us conſider what pains have been unſucceſsfully taken for many years paſt by the beſt patriots of Spain to introduce, not only manufactures, but even agriculture itſelf, among the ſtarving inhabitants. Theſe conceited Quixotes, who pleaſe themſelves with boaſting that the ſun is continually enlightening ſome part of their dominions, are ſo ſatisfied with this important reflection, that they ſeem to deſire no other advantage from his beams. Uſtariz, their lateſt and beſt writer on commerce, has beſtowed whole pages in deſcribing the wretched condition of families, the mortality of weakly children, the preſent race uſeleſs, the growing hope cut off, and all this becauſe the inhabitants cannot be perſuaded to uſe the moſt obvious means for their ſuſtenance and preſervation, the tilling of the earth. Yet there is a way to induce even the proudeſt Spaniard to apply himſelf earneſtly to the cultivation of his country: